

# Nothing in Motion Pictures Nor in Fiction More Surprising, More Dramatic Than the Real Life Career of This Young Adventuress



"In the Grip of Tiberius," by Matania, a Copy of Which Mme. Storch Treasured as an Unhappy Days in the Harem of Hejad Pacha. The Artist Has Admirably Portrayed by the Slave Girl at the Approaching Step of Her Master, Whose Shadow Is Seen Reflected Beyond the Curtain Held Back by the Negro Girl.

adored orchids and violets! It was posterous, said Mr. Vanderpool—not forgetting that he would have to warn his associates at the Department of Justice that Nezie knew she was being watched.

So infatuated had Mr. Vanderpool become, apparently, with Mme. Nezie, that when, last March, she announced that she was going away for a visit—to Cuba, she explained—he begged permission to accompany her as far as Washington, where, she admitted, she was going to stop for a day anyway.

At Washington Nezie was joined surreptitiously by the Count de Beville, who had procured passports for himself and "the Baroness de Beville" from Key West to Havana. The Count entered the train for Key West alone,

while Nezie rode from her hotel to the depot in a car with Mr. Vanderpool. She promised him she would let him know the very day she landed in this country upon her return—in a few weeks. Mr. Vanderpool was disconsolate—also he nodded imperceptibly to a group of efficient looking men who climbed into the train as soon as Mme. Nezie had entered her Pullman drawing room.

At Key West these same efficient looking men surrounded Mme. Nezie and the Baron as they stood at the pier waiting to take the boat for Havana. They asked the pair to show their passports, and then informed them that there was a new ruling about passports; that theirs were defective, and that they would have to return to Washington to have them straightened out.

The "Baron" and the "Baroness" were much perturbed, but they caught the next train back to Washington. Mr. Vanderpool met them at the hotel—quite by accident, of course. The Baron was busy two days investigating the refusal of his passport. He procured others then, and made the arrangements for the trip to be resumed the next day. That night Mr. Vanderpool entertained Mme. Nezie at an after-the-theatre supper in the hotel dining room.

It was a merry supper. Mme. Nezie had donned her most fetching gown to please Mr. Vanderpool's fastidious tastes. She was unusually vivacious. She was sorry—so sorry, indeed, that their friendship was to be interrupted by this horrid trip to Havana—but she wished to assure Mr. Vanderpool that she would soon be returning.

No—she would never return, Mr. Vanderpool was sure—and he was quite sentimentally sad about it. When Nezie laughed at his misgivings

he explained why he was so certain she would not return from Havana.

"Because you are not going there. Come, Madame—the play is ended. I am sorry that it is my duty, but so it is. Mme. Storch, you are under arrest."

A green, dangerous glint came into the Oriental eyes of the young woman. For an instant she was speechless. Then she recovered herself.

"Me—you mean me—that I am under arrest?" she exclaimed, her evident attempt at making it seem a jest but half concealing the hiss in her voice. "Surely, M'sieur, you are joking."

But she soon learned the attentive young clubman was not joking—that he was deadly serious. Sulkily she went to her room at his curt order, to find there, under close guard, the Count de Beville awaiting her. The pair were brought to New York, where, for reasons of their own, the officials placed them in separate hotels, under the watchful eyes of departmental agents. A woman operative was placed on guard over Mme. Storch at one hotel, with other agents constantly at the outer door of the apartment, while the Count de Beville was kept under surveillance elsewhere.

## The Vagrant Flower Peddler Mysteriously Disappears

Mr. Vanderpool had learned, in the confidences Nezie imposed in him, that she had leased a safety deposit box. This was broken into, and much of the information the department had sought so long was here disclosed. Nezie's secret code was found there, as well as scores of letters, cablegrams and other documents which revealed her methods of communication with Germany. Her relations with Mme. Nix and the Count de Clermont also were disclosed, and this second pair soon was under arrest. Mme. Nix, when confronted with the documents found in Nezie's safety deposit box, broke down and confessed her true identity and her associations with Count von Bernstorff.

Other arrests of persons implicated by Nezie's secret documents have since been made. Still other persons are yet under surveillance. One, however, who is thought to have been an important member of Mme. Nezie's coterie of confederates made good his escape.

During the early morning drives Mme. Nezie customarily took in her limousine she never failed, when her course took her into the neighborhood of Fifty-eighth street, in the vicinity of Count de Clermont's apartments, to drive around the neighborhood until she came upon a flower peddler who frequented the near-by streets. It was her whim, she explained, to buy bouquets from this peddler, who, she said, seemed so worthy of kindness.

She would call the man to the door of her car, pass a coin or a bill into his hand, choose the flowers that appealed to her and order her chauffeur to drive on. The peddler would bow humbly and turn his attention to other passers-by. Immediately after Nezie's departure for Key West this flower peddler disappeared. It is now believed he was an important link in the structure of espionage Nezie had built up. He, it is thought, was the gobetween through which Nezie made reports to the elderly military looking man who, when it was safe for him to do so, met her himself in Central Park.

In Nezie's travelling trunks, when they were opened by the Federal agents, there was revealed such a wardrobe as seldom gladdens the heart of a royal princess. The list of her effects included 128 gowns, many of them of fabulous cost, some of them bearing the labels of famous modistes of Paris, London and Petrograd; 32 street suits of exclusive modes, 38 hats, 9 sets of expensive furs, including two coats of chinchilla, 91 pairs of boots and slippers; 182 pairs of silk stockings, 11 costly corsets, 7 fur-trimmed opera cloaks and countless pieces of dainty underwear of rarest silk textures. In every garment there was the touch of delicate gray which Nezie liked so well.

A reminder of Mme. Storch's early days in the harem of Hejad Pacha at Scutari was also found in her trunks—a photograph of the famous painting by the Italian artist, Matania, "In the Grip of Tiberius." In this painting, which brought the artist fame, the painter shows the unwilling slave girl in the harem of Tiberius, who has thrown herself onto the floor in a spasm of rebellious repugnance when she hears the step which warns her that her master is coming to pay his unwelcome daily visit. Mme. Storch evidently had seen the painting, and treasured a copy of it because of her sympathetic understanding, inspired by her own past, of the emotions of the harem slave girl.

For a time Mme. Nezie was a haughty and stubborn prisoner. She indignantly denied every accusation heaped upon her by the officials who questioned her. But when she was confronted with proofs from Scotland Yard and the Intelligence Department of France that her operations abroad had been made known to this country she broke down. At first she denied, with an insistence that could not hide the sudden light of terror in her eyes, that she was the Mme. Hesqueth who had been part of the German spy nest in Glasgow. The documents forwarded by Scotland Yard wrung this final confession from her.

When she was taken from the hotel apartments to Ellis Island, where prisoners are held for deportation, Mme. Nezie was told that she was to be deported—to France.

For a moment the girl spy was dazed. She closed her eyes as if to shut out a sudden vision that suddenly confronted her—the vision perhaps of the cold flagstones outside the prison yard at Vincennes.

## A Lonely Grave at the End of an Eventful Life

"To France!" she said, half to herself. "That will be the end of everything. The sun will never shine for me again."

This was the only comment Mme. Nezie made upon the announcement that she was to be taken to France for trial. Her fear that the sun would soon cease shining for her was more prophetic, however, than she could have expected.

Her frail body, accustomed since her youth in the harem to gentle ministrations, to the care of a constant attendant and to every protection luxury could surround it with, could not withstand the rigors of imprisonment suddenly thrust upon it. Exposure to the draughts that reached her prison quarters and the shock of the lack of rich comforts she had been used to, quickly undermined her health. Almost over night she was attacked by pneumonia. She fought bravely for life, but after three days she died in the prison hospital.

Greater even than their own imprisonment was the shock of her death to the two counts, de Clermont and de Beville, both of whom had loved her devotedly—both of whom had been her victims, more kindly treated by her, perhaps, than the others of her dupes, but still mere tools of the spy's trade.

In a beautiful white coffin, provided by the Count de Beville, the young woman into whose short life had been crowded more of romance, intrigue, tragedy, adventure and broken love than fiction ever has crowded into its hugest volumes, was carried from a public undertaker's shop in a side street to the cemetery.

The world's gayest cavaliers had laid their hearts at the feet of the beautiful, living spy. To her casket there went but one mourner—the grief-stricken Count de Beville, who was released from his cell that he might look upon Nezie's face before the earth fell over it. He knelt at the side of the rigid form and stroked the cold, passive features. The priests of the Greek Church, who had been asked to read the funeral service, had refused. Dr. Robert W. White, of the Faith Presbyterian Church, at last consented to recite a short sermon. The undertaker made the prayer which consigned Mme. Storch to her grave.

A crowd of the curious thronged the street outside the undertaker's shop while the casket was lifted into the hearse. The only flowers resting on the coffin were those de Beville bought in a florist shop on his way to the undertaker's. The only music was the strident strains from the Subway Employees' Band, which paraded by in the street on a recruiting tour. The tune the band played as it marched by was "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

(The End)

Undertaker's Employees Lifting the Casket in Which Rests the Body of the Beautiful Mme. Storch Into the Hearse. "The World's Greatest Cavaliers Had Laid Their Hearts at the Feet of the Beautiful Living Spy; to Her Casket There Went But One Mourner—the Grief-Stricken Count de Beville"

